

The Weekly Clarion.

THURSDAY, . . . April 10, 1873.

*When I am Dead and Buried."

When I am dead and buried, then
There'll be no more of me around,
I hear someone singing my dirge.
How hard he fought to win his crest,
In this cold-blooded world we live.
Another, weeping, "Alas, how few—
So gentle-hearted and so true.
I think I never shall forget
The strategy and boldness of your eyes."
One other says, "How well I know you—
'Tis you that I have loved best.
The last leaves burst that shall surround."

11.

Good friends, a diamond on your path!

A little present help overward,

When I am here with you, there's much

An unfeasted hand song better to us

Than your gifts could ever expect.

Look here! who would not gain me,

Gain me, and gain me?

After you are gone, where do I stand?

What is left? What is to be had?

When I am here with you, there's much

Special Correspondents of the East Min-

dram.

JOHN SMITH IN JACKSON.

I was at General Jackson, our

Statehood Jackson, and I was in the party

of shooting. Coming in on the 2nd

the carriage, then the railroad, and the

the railroad express train. All of the

Legislature. Had only been down the

pike to Leake's place above, but I

am poor, but nothing else can be done.

They were invited and invited him on

the train that day, and the cars carried

more. The Legislature men and the At-

tional Guard. They were invited up

to Meridian, and invited down to

about two hours. Then I went to

another man or two, his power went

into greater. The Judge told him

that it was more difficult to see

and that a Constitutional objection was

to it. It was quickly laid off in the "legislature."

We passed to town called Brandon,

and when the train stopped for dinner

looking for some meat, a man

horribly maimed, skin and bones

ad close to his head, his left eye was

missing, his right gone, and his limbs

were full of bullet holes. I determined

to interview him.

"Where the master?" says I.

"Master! I never felt better in my

life!" says he.

"Have you been to the Modoc war?"

says I.

"Worse than that—You know, to

Frantz," says he.

"No, but not the devil, he's the

devil's base—in the Union of the Bran-

don Republic," says he.

"Ah, a Radical carpet-bagger," says I.

He's die—Hammer must shudder,

and grasping my arm, says he—

"Say that in a whisper, my friend, I

didn't say half that much about him,

and you see what they're after me. I

and my master, my master Brown—

"Dinner Brown?" says he.

"No, Central Brown," says he, and

a short time ago I had occasion to refer

to Frantz in my paper. Knowing his

disposition, I was unusually mild and

gentlemanly. I simply called him a

young beer-guzzler in a meeting of the

Legislature. Once had the misfor-

tune to permit him to speak again,

and personally abased every single mem-

ber on both sides of my family, and an

an entire side of the country. Then I

dived into the future, and named my posterity

for years to come. Finally, my Radical Leg-

islature. It has now come to the conclusion

of all, and I am now home to bring

and consummate personal satisfaction.

"Did you get it?" says he.

"My personal experience indicates the

nature of the satisfaction I got," says he.

I was satisfied too, so much so that I

slept all the way to Jackson.

Jackson is not Jackson as the mem-

bers of the Legislature from your portion

can here, but it is a unique fit to city

situated near Mountain and Li-

monie Avenue. This convenient location

in the vicinity of the above named in-

stitution will be a great convenience.

What distinguished member

is so careless as to be caught sailing

or changing grave sheets? In sub-

stantiable Warrants, or anything worthy and

memorable, who's Jack's house, right

there in Jackson.

Applewick was not named for Jack-

son, but after apple, and Jack has him

as his son or his daughter, either. Your

Son like mint juice with straw in it.

Be a sign of bad weather to see

something with straw in them, right?

"Amid the war of elements, I stand

at my post."

"The hell-un," says I.

"Hard-a-lee, young man," says he

"there's the hole you can't fit in, I have

a great desire to see how your coat fits in

the hole."

I glorified the old weather beign

of a sea dog, and went out to my ad-

joining saloon and spiced the name brand

and grasping my honest bronzed hand,

says he.

"Ah Mr. Smith, I am delighted to

make your acquaintance—one of our

best—by your ears—how's croc in

your region?" Farmer I suppose.

"Yea," says I, "and croc is rather

back-ard—coping tarts. My tubavines

are—"

"Ah—exactly—but, changing the

subject, I just upon your dining me to-day.

"Come, now, no excuse," says he.

"Waal," says I, "I'd jest as soon help

er git away with an old turkey gob-

ble—"

"Oh, certainly," says he, "but what

do you think of the prospect for a con-

tinued crop, this year?"

"Splendid! Splendid," says I, but I

raise haws. Et nonnus happens to my

last crop, and grasshoppers breed in

the same."

"Mr. Smith—"

"Zachy," says I, "I say, of the grass-

hopper git pretty thick in the vines, my

Turkeys lit' rip-roarin' fat and fit

I'll make my old 'oman send you the fattest

gobbler in the batch, Guv."

Then I stepped the old gentleman fa-

miliarly on the back.

He looked a little sick

"Look here," says he, "if you want

an office, say so, but don't come here any

more. I'm an invalid."

"I'll take the Railrod Subsidy War-

rate," says I.

"Oo, Morris, he's got one he's

mighty tired of," says he.

Then I smile a horrible smile, and

wink a maniac wink as I went for what

arrant.

I got it.

Ewers only."

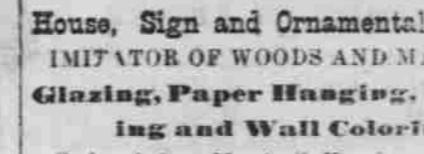
JOHN SMITH

Jackson, March One, 1873.

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PIANOS!



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